The HILLMAN A Story About an Experiment With Life

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XIX-Continued.

The reception in anor of the little company of French tragedians, at which almost the whole of the English stage and a sprinkling of society peoe were present, was a complete suc cess. Louise made a charming hostnes, and Sir Edward more than ever justified his reputation for saying the right thing to the right person at the right moment. The rooms were crowded with throngs of distinguished people, who all seemed to have plenty to say to one another,

The only person, perhaps, who found himself curiously ill at ease was John. He heard nothing but French on all sides of him-a language which he read with some facility, but which he spoke like a schoolboy. He had been wandering about for more than an hour before Louise discovered him. She at once left her place and crossed the room to where he was standing by

"Cheer up!" she begged, with a delightful smile. "I am afraid that you are being bored to death. Will you not come and be presented to our Bucsts?"

"For goodness' sake, no!" John implored. "I have never seen one of them act, and my French is appalling. I am all right, dear. It's quite enough pleasure to see you looking so beautiful, and to think that I am going to be allowed to drive you home afterward."

Louise looked into a neighboring mirror, and gazed critically at her own reflected image. She had a curious feeling that at that precise moment she had reached the zenith of her power and her charm. Her audience at the theater had been wonderfully sympathetic, had responded with rare appreciation to every turn of her voice, to every movement and gesture. The compliments, too, which she had been receiving from the crowds who had bent over her fingers that night had been no idle words.

She was conscious, acutely conscious, of the atmosphere she had created around her. She was glorying in the subtle outward signs of it. She was in love with herself; in love, too, with this delightful new feeling of loving. It would have given her more foy than anything else in the world. in that moment of her triumph, to have passed her arm through John's to have led kim up to them all, and to bave said:

"After all, you see, I am a very sim". ple sort of woman. I have done just the sort of simple thing that other women do, and I am glad of it-very glad and very happy!"

Her lips moved to the music of her thoughts. John leaned toward her.

"Did you say anything?" he asked. "You dear stupid, of course I did bt! Or if I did, it was just one of those little whispers to oneself which mean nothing, yet which count for so much. Can I not do anything to make you enjoy yourself more? I shall have to go back to my guests now. We are expecting a royal personage, and those two dears who keep so close to my side do not speak a word of Eng-

"Plense go back, dear," John begged romptly. "It was nice of you to come at all. And here's Sophy at last, thank goodness! Now I am all right." She laid her fingers upon his arm.

"You must take me back to my place," she said. "Then you can go and talk nonsense to Sophy." They were back in the crowd now.

and she dismissed him with a little nod. He made his way quickly to the spot where he had seen Sophy. To his disappointment, she had disappeared. Gralliot, however, came up and selzed him by the arm.

"Still playing the moth, my young triend?" he exclaimed. "Are "Aren't the

"I am afraid it's become a perma nent role," John replied, as the two nen shook hands. "Where have you been all these weeks, and why haven't rou been to see me?"

Paris, my dear young friend-Paris and life! Now I am back again-J am not sure that I know why. I came over with these French people, to see them start their theater. Forgive me, I have not paid my respects to our hostess. We shall meet again pres

He strolled off, and a few minutes

later John found Sophy. "How late you are!" he grumbled "I couldn't help lt," she answered This is the only evening dress I pos sess at present, and I had to mend I before it was decent to come out in Why are you wandering about alone? Hasn't Louise been kind to you?"

"She has been charming," John de clared promptly, "but she is surrounded with all sorts of people I don't know. I can't help her. For one thing, my French is absurd." The they are all talking about things which I don't understand in the least."

Sophy remained silent for a m nent. Then she took John's arm and

led him to the buffet. "Give me an ice and a cigarette, will you, please? You are a dear, impractical person, but you are as much out of this world as a human being well could be!"

John waited upon her without any seing through, bowed to them. John oked after his retreating figure. An presistible impulse seized him.

ophy," he asked, sitting down by her side, "tell me, why have the prince and Louise always been such great friends?"

he said. "He has been of great as-istance to Louise several times. It was he was fashed Miles Faraday emotionalism," the critic declared,

Graillot hasn't a penny, you know, and poor Miles was almost broke after three fallures."

"That was just an investment," John remarked irritably. "He will get his money back again."

"Of course," Sophy agreed. "I think the prince generally manages to get value for what he does in life." . "You don't think Louise ever

thought of caring for him, do you?"

John persisted. Sophy paused until she had lit a cigarette. The expression in her face, when she looked up at John, Irritated him vaguely. It was as if she were

talking to a child. "I think," she said, "you had better ask Louise that question yourself, don't you?"

He asked it an hour or so later. when at last the party of guests had taken their leave, and, somewhat to the well-bred surprise of the one or two friends who lingered, Louise had beckened to John to take her out to her car. Her hand had sought his at once, her head rested a little wearfly but very contentedly upon his shoul-

"Louise, dear," he began, "I asked Sophy a question tonight which I ought to have asked you. Quite properly, she told me so."

"Nice little soul, Sophy!" Louise murmured. "What was it, John?" "Once or twice I have wondered," he went on, "whether you have ever cared in any sort of way, or come his senses alone kept him motionless, near to caring, for the prince of Seyre?"

For a moment she made no movement. Then she turned her head and looked at him. The sleepy content He had spoken what he had accepted had gone from her eyes. "Why do you ask?"

"Isn't it quite a natural question from a jealous man who believes that little sign of disturbance. He even everyone who sees you must be in nodded to some men whom he knew love with you? You have seen a great slightly. As he passed down the stairs, deal of the prince, haven't you, in the he met Graillot. Then once more his last few years? He understands your self-control became in danger. He art. There are many things that you seized the Frenchman savagely by the and he have in common." Louise was looking out of the win-

dow at the thin stream of people still him toward the card-room. "Come in



"Look Here, Graillot, You Know It Is Not True."

passing along Picadilly. She seemed suddenly to have become only the shadow of her former brilliant self. "I think that once-perhaps twice," she confessed, "I came very near to caring for him."

"And now?" "And now," she repeated, suddenly gripping John's hands, "I tell you that I am very much nearer hating him. So much for the prince! In ten minutes we shall be at home, and you are such a dear stupid about coming in. You must try to say all the nice things in the world to me quickly-in ten minutes!" "How shall I begin?" he whispered.

She lenned once more toward him. "You don't need any hints," she murmured. "You're really quite good at

CHAPTER XX.

The ten minutes passed very much

oo quickly. She was gone, and John. thrilled though he was through all his senses by the almost passionate fervor of her leave-taking, found himself black demon. There was something about all of them, all these people whom he knew to be his friends, which seemed to him to savor of a conspiracy. There was nothing that could be put into definite shape—just the ghost of torturing, impossible thoughts. He was in no humor to go home. Changing the order he had first given to the chauffeur, he was driven instead to a small Bohemian club which he had joined at Graillot's instigntion. He had a vague hope that he might find the great dramatist there. There were

He threw himself into an easy chall and ordered a whisky-and-soda. Two men close at hand were writing at denly called by a familiar voice. Sodesks; others were lounging about, phy, who had been dancing, abandiscussing the evening's reception. One man, sitting upon the table, a recognised authority, was treating the comnodern actresses, winding up by contrasting Louise Maurel's style Sophy looked steadfastly at her ice. that of her chief French rival. John "I suppose because the prince is a found himself listening with pleased very slever and cultivated persou," interest. The man's opinion was cer-

no signs of him, however, in the smok-

simply don't want to go to bed."

when he put on this play of Graillot's, | "that these French actresses get at | us a little more completely even than Louise Maurel. Do you know the reason? I'll tell you. It is because they live the life. They have a dozen new emotions in a season. They make a cult of feeling. They use their brains to dissect their passions. They cut their own life into small pieces and give us the result without concealment. That is where they score, if anywhere. This Mme. Latrobe, who opens over here tomorrow night, is in love at the present moment with Jean Tourbet. She had an affair with that Italian poet in the summer, so they tell me. She was certainly in Madrid lp October with Bretoldi, the sculptor. These men are all great artists. Think what she must have learned from associating with them! Now Louise Maurel, so far as we know, has never had but one affair, the prince of Seyre, and has been faithful to him all the time."

It was out at last! John had heard it spoken in plain words. The black demon upon which his hand had lain so heavily, was alive now, without a doubt, leering at him, mocking at him -alive and self-assertive in the sober words of the elderly, well-bred man who lounged upon the table."

For a moment or two John was stunned. A wild impulse assailed him to leap up and confront them all, to cheke the lie back down the throat of the man who had attered it. Every nerve in his body was tingling with the desire for action. The stupor of and a strange, incomprehensible clarity of thought. He realized exactly how things were. This man had not spoken idly, or as a scandalmonger. as a fact, what other people believed.

John rose to his feet and made his way toward the door. His face showed

"Come this way," he said, leading here! I want to speak to you."

He locked the door-n most unheard-of and irregular proceeding. Gralllot felt the coming of the storm. "Well!" he exclaimed grimly, "Trouble already, ch? I see it in your face, young man. Out with it!"

"I was sitting in the smoking room there, a few moments ago," he began, jerking his head toward the door. There were some men talking-decent fellows, not dirty scandal-mongers. They spoke of Louise Maurel." Graillot nodded gravely. He knew very well what was coming.

John felt his throat suddenly dry. The words he would have spoken choked him. He banged his fist upon the table by the side of which they ere standing. "Look, here, Graillot," he cried, al-

most piteously, "you know it is not true, nor likely to be true! Can't you say so?" "Stop, my young friend!" the

Frenchman Interrupted. "I know nothing. It is a habit of mine to know nothing when people make suggestions of that sort. I make no inquirles, I accept life and people as I find them." "But you don't believe that such a thing could be possible?"

"Why not?" Graillot asked steadily.

John could do no more than mumole e repetition of his words. The world was falling away from him. "I will not discuss this matter with you, my friend. I will only ask you to remember the views of the world in which we live. Louise Maurel is an artist, a great artist. If there has been such an affair as you suggest, between her and any man, if it were

something which appealed to her affections, it is my opinion that she would not hesitate. You seem to think it an outrageous thing that the prince should have been her lover. To be perfectly frank, I do not, I should be very much more surprised at her marringe." John made his escape somehow. He

remembered opening the door, but he had no recollection of reaching the street. A few minutes later, however, he found himself striding down Piccadilly toward Hyde Park corner.

He found a taxicab and was driven toward the Milan. He was conscious of a wild desire to keep away from his rooms. Every pulse in his body once more confronted by that little was tingling. He was fiercely awake. eager for motion, action, excitement of any sort. Suddenly he remembered the night club to which he had been introduced by Sophy on the first night of his arrival in London. The address, too, was there quite clearly in his disordered brain. He leaned out of the cab and repeated it to the driv-

The little place was unexpectedly crowded when he entered, after havvestiaire. A large supper party was going on at the farther end, and the daucing space was smaller than usung room, or anyone else whom John al. The maitre d'hotel was escorting John to a small table in a distant corner, which had just been vacated when the latter heard his name sud doned her partner precipitately and came hurrying up to John with outstretched hands.

"John!" she exclaimed. "You, of all people in the world | What do you mean by coming here alone at this time of night? Fancy not telling me! Is anything the matter?" "Nothing." he replied. "I really

don't exactly know why I am here. I "Where is the prince?" he seked you cared for, too,"

Sophy, struck by something in his swung around and looked at Then she thrust both her arms him. through his, clasped her two hands together, and led him firmly away. A glimmering of the truth was beginning to dawn upon her.

"Tell me where you have been since you left the reception," she insisted, when at last they were seated together

"Wait till I have ordered some wine," he said.

A walter served them with champame. When John's glass was filled. he drained its contents. Sophy watched him with surprise. She came a little closer to him.

"John," she whispered, "you must tell me-do you hear? You must tell me everything! Did you take Louise home?

"Yes."

"What happened, then? You didn't quarrel with her?" "Nothing at all happened," he as-

ared her. "We parted the best of friends. It wasn't that." "Then what? Remember that I am

your friend, John, dear. Tell me everything." "I will tell you," he assented. "I

went to a little club I belong to on the Adelphi Terrace. I sat down in the smoking room. There was no one there I knew. Some men were talking. They had been to the reception tonight. They were comparing French actresses and English. They spoke first of the French woman, Latrobe, and her lovers; then of Louise. They spoke quite calmly, like men discussing history. They compared the two actresses, they compared their lives. Latrobe, they said, had lovers by the score-Louise only one." Sophy's hand stole into his. She

was watching the twisting of his features. She understood so well the excitement underneath.

"I think I can guess," she whispered. "Don't hurt yourself telling me, Something was said about the prince!"

His eyes blazed down upon her. "You, too?" he muttered. "Does

the whole world know of it and speak as if it did not matter? Sophy, is it true? Speak out! Don't be afraid of hurting me. You call yourself my friend. I've been down, looking at the outside of her house. I dared not go in. There's a fire burning in my soul! Tell me if it is true!" "You must not ask me that ques-

tion, John," she begged. "How should I know? Besides, these things are so different in our world, the world you haven't found out much about yet. Supposing it were true, John," she went on, "remember that it was before you knew her. Supposing it should be true, remember this-your iden of life is too absurd. Is one creed made to fit human beings who may differ in a million different ways? A oman may be as good as any ever born into the world, and yet take just a little love into her life, if she be true and faithful in doing it. I don't believe there is a dearer or sweeter woman breathing than Louise, but one must have love. Don't I know it? A man may be strong enough to live without it, but a woman-never!"

The skirts of the women brushed their table as they danced, the rhythm of the music rose and fell above the murmur of laughter and conversation, John looked around the room, and a sort of despair crept in upon him. It was no good! He had come to London to understand; he understood nothing. He was made of the wrong fiber. If only he could change him-If it were not too late! If self! he could make himself like other men!

"I must not ask you any more quesions, Sophy," he said. "You are her friend, and you have spoken very sweetly. Tomorrow I will go and see

"And tonight, forget it all," she pleaded. "Wipe it out of your memory. Tonight she is not here, and I am. Even if you are furiously in love



The Prince Resied Back

with her, there isn't any harm in your being just a little nice to me. Give me some champagne; and I want some caviar sandwiches!"

"I wonder why you are so go me, Sophy!" he exclaimed, as he gave the order to a waiter. "You ought either to marry your young man down at Bath, or to have a sweetheart of your own, a companion, some one quite different."

"How different?" "Someone who cared for you as you deserve to be cared for, and whom

the prince all the evening. When you came in, I functed that you had been drinking. When the prince asked me something about you, an hour or so ago, I knew that he had. I saw him like it once before, about a year ago. Don't take any notice of him! Don't talk to him, if you can at all help it!"

Toward their table the prince was slowly making his way, skilfully avoid- of confusion in the room. The people ing the dancers, yet looking neither to the right nor to the left. His eyes were fastened upon John. If he had manager helped us. To tell the truth been drinking, as Sophy suggested, there were few signs of it. His walk was steady; his bearing, as usual, deliberate and distinguished.

He came to a standstill beside them Sophy's fingers clutched at the table- I brought you upstairs. A didn't mean cloth. The prince looked from one to to stay, but I couldn't get you to say the other.

"You have robbed me of a guest, Mr. Strangewey," he remarked; "but I bear you no ill-will. It is very seldom in a dull tone. "I remember filling my that one sees you in these haunts of glass over and over again. There is dissipation."

"It is a gain night with me," John replied, his tone raised no more than usual, but shaking with some new quality. "Drink a glass of wine with ne, prince," he invited, taking the bottle from the ice-pail and filling a tumbler upon the table. "Wish me luck, won't you? I am engaged to be married!"

"I wish you happiness with all my heart," the prince answered, holding his glass up. "May I not know the name of the lady?"

"No doubt you are prepared for the news," John told him. "Miss Maurel has promised to become my wife."

The prince's hand was as steady as a rock. He raised his glass to his lips. "I drink to you both with the greatest of pleasure," he said, looking John full in the face. "It is a most remarkable coincidence. Tonight is the anniversary of the night when Louise Maurel pledged herself to me."

John's frame seemed for a moment to dilate, and fire flashed from his "Will you be good enough to explain

those words?" he demanded. The prince bowed. He glanced toward Sophy.

"Since you insist!" he replied, "Tonight, then, let me tell you, is the anniversary of the night when Louise Maurel consented to become my-"

What followed came like a thunderclap. The prince reeled back, his hand to his mouth, blood dropping upon the killed him!" ablecloth from his lips, where John had struck him. He made a sudden spring at his assatlant. Sophy, shricking, leaped to her feet. Everyone else in the place seemed paralyzed with wonder.

John selzed the prince by the throat, and held him for a moment at arm's sleep. I hope you are not angry with length. Then he lifted him off his feet me! I didn't like to go and leave as one might lift a child from the you." floor. Holding his helpless victim in the room and deliberately flung him than I deserve. I expect I should

Sophy held John by the arm, clutch- you!" ng it hysterically, striving to drag him away. But to John the room was to him and speaking in a more matempty. He stood there, a giant, mo- ter-of-fact tone, "do let us be practionless figure, his muscles still taut, tical. I must run away, and you must his face tense, his eyes aflame, glar- go and have a bath and change your ing down at the prostrate figure of the man on whom he had wreaked the tation. I can get out by the other enaccumulated fury of these last days trance." and weeks of madness.

CHAPTER XXI.

Toward nine o'clock on the follow ing morning John rose from a fitful sleep and looked around him. Even before he could recall the events of the preceding night he felt that there was a weight pressing upon his brain, miserable sense of emptiness in life, dull feeling of bewilderment. Although he had no clear recollection of getting there, he realized that he was in his own sitting-room, and that he had been asleep upon the couch. He saw, too, that it was morning, for a rny of sunlight lay across the carpet. As he struggled to his feet, he saw with a little shock that he was not alone. Sophy Gerard was curled up in his easy chair, still in evening clothes, her cloak drawn closely around her, as if she were cold. Her head had fallen back. She, too, was asleep. At the sound of his movement, however, she opened her eyes

At the sound of her voice it all came back to him, a tangled, hideous night-mare. He sat down again upon the

pened at the club," he went on slowly. "Is the prince dead?" She shook her head.
"Of course not! He was hurt,

though, and there was a terrible scene crowded around him, and I manage somehow, to drag you away. The he was only too anxious for you to get away before the police arrived. He was so afraid of anything getting into the papers. I drove you back here, and, as you still seemed stunned, a single coherent word. I was afraid to leave you alone!"

"I suppose I was drunk," he said, one thing, though," he added, his voice



Have to Go to See Louise."

gaining a sudden strength: "I was not drunk when I struck the prince! I remember those few seconds very distinetly. I saw everything, knew everything, felt everything. If no one had interfered, I think I should have "You were not drunk at all." she de-

clared, with a little shiver, "but you were in a state of terrible excitement. It was a long time before I could get you to lie down, and then you wouldn't close your eyes until I came and sat by your side. I watched you go to

"How could I be angry?" he promerciless grip, he carried him across tested. "You are far kinder to me over the table toward his empty chair. have been in a police cell but for

"And now," she begged, coming over clothes. Don't be afraid of your repu-

have to go to see Louise!"

He covered his face with his hands "What's the use of it?" he groaned It's only another turn of the screw! "Don't be foolish, John," she ad monished briskly. "You don't actually know anything yet-nothing at all: t least, you are not sure of anything. And besides, you strange, impossible person," she went on, patting his hand, "don't you see that you must judge her, not by the standards of your world, in which she has never lived, but by the standards of her world, in which she was born and bred? That is only fair, isn't it?" He rose listlessly to his feet. Ther

was a strange, dull look in his face. "You are a dear girl, Sophy!" he sald. "Don't go just yet. I have never felt like it before in my life, but just now I don't want to be left alone. Send a boy for some clothes, and will order some tea."

She hesitated. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW CLEANER RUN BY WATER Recently Invented Device Can Be Oper-

ated at Any Point in House Where There is Hydrant.

A vacuum cleaner has been invented which can be operated wherever there is a hydrant in the house. A pipe of the right diameter is screwed into the hydrant's mouth and runs down to the bottom of the sink. A spiral nozzle fits the pipe just below the mouth of the hydrant. An angular pipe opens into the vertical pipe immediately below the nozzle and slopes up to connect with a rubber hose on

the guiding rod. To clean the room you turn on the water and guide the rod over the carpet. After traversing the spiral nozzle the water whirls around and passe the opening of an angular pipe, forc-ing out all the air near it. The vacuum so created starts the air flow-ing in the rubber hose.

Gold and Palladium. A gold-palladium alloy, under the name of "Palau," has been put on the market by a firm in California, accord ing to Commerce Reports, and is offered as a substitute for the more expensive platinum-iridium alloy generally used by chemists. A crucible of this ware has been tested at the United States bureau of standards. The melting point is 1,870 degrees Centigrade, which corresponds to that of an alloy of 80 per cent gold and 20 per cent palladium. The ware is very promising as a substitute for platinum for many laboratory purposes.

Nine times out of ten when the man

who has falled declares he did his best he is lying about it.-Houston Po

Scaring Them Away. Frank A. Vanderlip, chairman of a Liberty Loan committee, said in New

"The loan machinery was made easy, simple and informal, so that all could come in. We didn't want to scare the plain people away, you know. "Some of our past loans did scare the plain people. They were like the

"This hotel was so very swagger that the guests all felt like inmates or prisoners.

swagger seashore hotel.

"There was a little man who arrived there one night and rang his bell for some ice water. No answer. He rang again. Still no answer. Then he put his finger on the button and held it there till he heard footsteps.

"A knock, and a majestic maid entered. She looked at the little man scornfully.

"'Did you ring?' she asked "'Yes,' said he. "'Humph,' said the maid. 'Who lifted you up to the bell?"

Negroes Famous as Come There is no doubt that James Blan n negro musician, wrote "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." During the lays of slavery there were in New Orleans quite a number of well educated negroes, and among them a number who gained distinction as musical composers. Five of these were Edmund Dede, Basil Bares, Lucien Lambert, Sidney Lambert and Samuel Snaer. Much of the music that these men wrote is of permanent worth. One of the earliest American negro musical authors was James Hemmenway. His home was in Philadelphia, and during the second and third decades of the nineteenth century be wrote much music which by musicians of authority ts set down as excellent.



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Relief. "Another thing to be thankful for!" "What's that?" "All the stores are closed. For one day there's no chance of being reminded that anything has gone up in price."

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Question of Looks

Marietta and Janet had fallen out. They found themselves side by side in a railway train and Marietta made overtures of peace. Janet replied to her conversational efforts only shortly until Marietta unwisely remarked: "I was told yesterday I get my good

looks from mother." "I wouldn't repeat that if I were you," said Janet, gravely. "Why not?"

"Well, you know," said Janet, "people will think your mother was stingy." State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County-as.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

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Worth Weight In Gold.

Fifteen years ago Adam Stouffel of Findlay, O., purchased a Plymouth Rock hen, and now the hen, at the age of nineteen years, is laying eggs with the rest of the flock, and there are no indications that she is going to

Keeping the Quality Up
LAXATIVE SHOMO QUININE, the World-Famous
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secount of the strange in the grice of the sig different Mediutal, Concentrated Entracts and Chemcals contained in Lax ATVS BEROMO QUINING
it was necessary to increase the grice to the Diragist. It has stood the test for a Quarier of a Canbry, is is need by every Civilised Bation.

Ugly Human Faces. "What surprised me most when I saw the world after being blind twenty-four years was the human faces.

had imagined them much more beautiful." This is the Yorodzu's report of the statement made by a young woman who lost her sigh at the age of two years and then at the age of twentysix had it restore by an operation, says the Tokyo N w East. The girl became a shanpover, but found life too hard for her. Sie was saved from suicide by a policer in.

suicide by a police "Tom is so good hearted."
"Really? I thought he led with palpitation."

